

# NATIONAL

## COMICS

August No. 2

10¢

*Starring*  
**UNCLE SAM**

AMERICA'S  
GREATEST  
CHARACTER



Wonder  
Boy

MERLIN  
THE MAGICIAN

SALLY O'NEIL  
POLICEWOMAN





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# **DON'T MISS THIS HIT!**

**THE NEWEST, MOST POPULAR COMIC MAGAZINE**

## **HERCULES**

**THE  
STRONGEST  
MAN IN THE  
WORLD**

## **THE RED BEE**

**WITH THE  
SPEED OF A  
STINGING WASP  
THE RED BEE  
ELUDES THE  
POLICE AND  
BATTLES THE  
UNDERWORLD**



**NEON  
THE  
UNKNOWN  
AN AMAZING  
NEW  
CHARACTER**

## **THE STRANGE TWIN**

**TWO BROTHERS  
BOTH LOOKING  
EXACTLY ALIKE  
YET UNKNOWN  
TO EACH OTHER  
FIGHTING A  
RELENTLESS  
STRUGGLE**

**BOB and SWAB,  
X-5 SUPER AGENT  
ONE AMERICAN AGENT  
BATTLES A ONE-MAN  
WAR ON ENEMY SPIES**

**TWO OF THE TOUGHEST GUYS IN THE SERVICE**

**CASEY JONES  
DRIVES HIS CRACK TRAIN  
ACROSS SHINING RAILS  
THROUGH DANGER**

**EVERY RED-BLOODED READER WHO  
LOVES FAST, THRILLING, ACTION AND  
MYSTERY WILL WANT TO BUY THIS  
MONTH'S HIT COMICS.**



# UNCLE SAM

BY  
W.M.  
EISNER

*Smashing the  
Enemies of Free  
Speech!*



GENTLEMEN! CHEAP POISON-  
OUS FOODS MUST BE  
CHECKED! MY BILL WOULD  
PROTECT THE AMERICAN

PUBLIC FROM  
UNSCRUPU-  
LOUS  
MANUFACTUR-  
ERS!



THIS LAW WOULD FORCE  
FOOD MAKERS TO USE ONLY  
TESTED MATERIALS, AND  
PRINT TRUTHFUL  
ADVERTISING  
ABOUT THEIR  
PRODUCTS!



THAT'S A GOOD LAW, BUDDY. A  
LOT OF CANDY FACTORIES USE  
CHEAP UNHEALTHY INGREDIENTS  
SO THEY CAN EARN BIGGER  
PROFITS.

GUESS THEY  
DON'T CARE  
WHO GETS  
SICK.





THIS IS THE REAL FRONTIER OF AMERICA... IT IS HERE WHERE THE REAL MEANING OF FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY IS TESTED. HERE LAWS ARE MADE THAT COMBAT EVIL AND GIVE HAPPINESS, FREEDOM AND SECURITY.



LET US SHIFT OUR GAZE TO ANOTHER PART OF THE GALLERY WHERE TWO MEN WATCH INTENTLY. SUDDENLY ONE RISES



AND RUSHES TO A NEARBY PHONE BOOTH IN THE HALL.



LATER, SENATOR GROVER IS ACCOSTED BY TWO MEN.

KEEP WALKING, SENATOR! THIS IS A GUN IN YOUR RIBS

WE'RE GOIN' UP TO THE HOTEL AND TALK!

HELLO, CHIEF, LISTEN, THEY ARE GONNA VOTE ON THAT BILL TOMORROW. LOOKS LIKE GROVER'S GONNA PUSH IT THROUGH.



WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT BILL! NOW, LISTEN CAREFULLY. GET TO SENATOR GROVER. WORK ON HIM! ANYTHING GOES! SAVVY? ANYTHING?



YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE SENSIBLE, SENATOR, SOME MIGHTY WEALTHY GUYS DON'T WANT THAT BILL PASSED. WE'RE GOING TO STAY WITH YA UNTIL YOU DEFEAT IT!



WHY TH THIS IS...

HOURS OF TORTURE AND GRILLING FINALLY BREAKS THE AGED SENATOR.



OKAY, BOSS. HE BROKE. WE'LL BE HIS BODY GUARDS. NO ONE WILL GET TO HIM. IF HE TRIES ANY TRICKS...



SENATOR GROVER TURNS ABOUT. FIGHTS OWN BILL! Debates passage after a dramatic debate in yesterday's session of the upper house.

HOUSE VOTE ON FOR BILL



GROVER BILL DEFEATED IN CLOSE VOTE!

SENATOR DENOUNCES OWN BILL AS UNCONSTITUTIONAL

ALAN CANN WORKING OVERTIME



IN THE SUMPTUOUS OFFICES OF THE BIG CANDY MAGNATE, J.P. POTTER, A PRESS CONFERENCE IS BEING HELD.

WE MIGHT AS WELL FACE FACTS. UNLESS YOU PUBLICITY MEN CAN KEEP MY COMPANY OUT OF THE NEWS, WE'LL LOSE OUR BUSINESS.

PHEW! MOULD PUBLIC OPINION!... THAT'S A TALL ORDER, IT'LL TAKE DOUGH!

DON'T LET COST DETER YOU. HERE'S FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS TO OPEN THE CAMPAIGN.

AND REMEMBER, I'VE PLENTY MORE. THE NEWSPAPERS MUST BE SILENCED. THREATEN TO DROP MY ADS. ANYTHING!





AND FROM THE TINY PRESS,  
POURS A TORRENT OF  
EXPOSING LEAFLETS.

THIS MUST BE STOPPED!  
WHO IS THIS UPSTART?  
OFFER HIM MONEY! THREATEN  
HIM! ANYTHING! ONLY  
SHUT HIM UP!

WHAT DO  
THESE  
HANDBILLS  
MEAN,  
UNCLE  
SAM?

THEY MEAN THAT  
SOMEONE HAS  
THE COURAGE  
TO PRINT THE  
TRUTH. WHO-  
EVER IT IS, HE'S  
GOING TO NEED  
OUR HELP!

IN CANDY CITY, CASEY WORKS  
AT HIS TINY PRESS.

HEY  
YOU!

YOU MIGHT AS  
WELL QUIT!  
WE'RE SMASHING  
YOUR PRESSES!

OVER MY  
DEAD BODY!

YOU'VE GIVEN ME  
AN IDEA, PAL!



MAY I CUT IN?



SMASH

WHEW! THANKS,  
MISTER. WHOEVER  
YOU ARE, MY  
NAME'S CASEY.  
"SCOOP" CASEY.  
STAGIN' A ONE  
MAN WAR AGAINST  
J.P. POTTER!

CALL ME  
UNCLE  
SAM. YOU'VE  
YOURSELF A  
COUPLE OF  
RECRUITS  
IN US.

NOW, HERE'S OUR PLAN.  
BUDDY, YOU'LL STAY HERE  
AND KEEP THOSE PRESSES  
RUNNING. "SCOOP" YOU AND  
I WILL VISIT SENATOR  
GROVER.

I'M THROUGH! I'VE SOLD  
OUT MY PEOPLE!

AT  
SENATOR  
GROVER'S  
HOUSE.

FATHER!  
NO-DONT!









ATOP CANDY CITY'S ONE AND ONLY SKYSCRAPER.



WELL, BOYS, YOU'VE DONE A GOOD JOB. SO FAR EVERY THING'S BEEN KEPT QUIET.



JUST KEEP HANDIN' OUT THE DOUGH.

AT THE CANDY CITY NEWS.

IF I KEEP ON SMASHING IN DOORS, SOMEONE'S LIABLE TO GET SORE. I'LL HAVE TO STOP IT.



STOP THE PRESSES!



HOLD THE FIRST PAGE OPEN FOR A HEADLINE THAT WILL FREE THE PRESS FROM THE YOKE OF J.P. POTTER.



AND YOU, MR. EDITOR, HAVE NEWSREELS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS AT THE POTTER BUILDING IN HALF AN HOUR.



YEH, YEH, O.K.

TEN MINUTES LATER, WE FIND UNCLE SAM CLIMBING UP THE SIDE OF THE POTTER BUILDING.



I HATE ELEVATORS. THEY MAKE ME NERVOUS.



SUDDENLY, NEAR THE TOP A LOOSE BRICK AND UNCLE SAM HURTTLES DOWNWARD.



EVENIN', GENTLEMEN.









A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE REPORTERS ARRIVE



HERE ARE THE TWO STRONG ARM EXPERTS  
I'M SURE A LITTLE INVESTIGATION  
WILL PUT THESE TWO IN JAIL  
FOR A LONG TIME

BOY! WHAT  
A PICTURE!



I'VE GOT THE SCOOP  
OF THE YEAR! A  
PICTURE OF  
UNCLE SAM!



AT THE  
CANDY  
CITY  
AIR-  
PORT

YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE  
ME UP I'M J.P.  
POTTER!



I DON'T CARE  
WHO YOU ARE  
I'M NOT TAKIN'  
A CRATE UP IN  
THIS SOUP!

THEN I'LL TAKE  
IT UP  
MYSELF



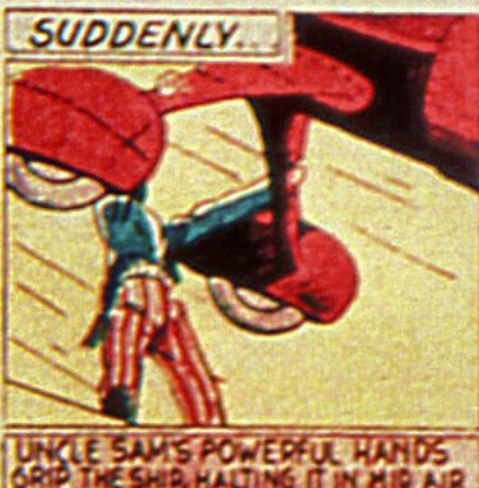
THE GUYS  
SCREW!



I'LL GET AWAY! HEH  
HEH! I'VE ENOUGH  
MONEY TO RUN  
THIS COUNTRY  
I'LL



BLINDED BY THE FOG, POTTER  
SKIRTS LOW OVER THE BUILDINGS



SUDDENLY...



INSIDE, POTTER'S EYES POP

GOOD LORD!  
HIM!



AND THE SHOCK PROVES TOO  
MUCH. POTTER DROPS

UNCLE SAM'S POWERFUL HANDS  
GRIP THE SHIP, HALTING IT IN MID AIR



LIBERATED AT LAST, THE PRESS  
AND SENATOR GROVER WORK FOR  
THE NEW LAW.



IN THE GARDEN OF THE GROVER  
HOME



WHY ARE WE  
BACK HERE,  
UNCLE SAM?  
I THOUGHT  
THIS CASE  
WAS CLOSED.

SHH... NO, THERE'S  
JUST ONE THING  
MORE—I'LL BE  
RIGHT  
BACK!

YOU'RE GOING  
INTO POLITICS  
LIKE FATHER?

I AM NOT, I'M  
GOING TO  
STAY A  
REPORTER!



A FINE FUTURE!  
HMPF! WELL,  
FIND YOURSELF  
ANOTHER  
WIFE.

SUITS  
ME.

HERE  
NOW,  
YOU TWO!



IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT A  
MAN DOES, AS LONG AS HE'S  
THE BEST AT IT!



NOW YOU TWO, KISS  
AND MAKE  
UP.

OH, UNCLE  
SAM, I THINK  
YOU'RE  
WONDERFUL.



DUM DEEDLE DEE  
DUM

WHERE HAVE  
YOU  
BEEN?



JUST SETTLING A LITTLE  
DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

H'MM, SO  
I SEE.



BACK AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE,  
A TENSE GROUP WAITS OUTSIDE  
THE DARK ROOM.

BOY! JUST THINK, A PHOTO-  
GRAPH OF UNCLE SAM! I CAN HARDLY  
WAIT  
TILL FLASH  
DEVELOPES  
IT!

WHAT  
A  
SCOOP!



LOOK, BOSS!  
LOOK!  
LOOK!

THE  
NEGATIVE  
AT LAST!



WELL I'LL BE! EVERYTHING  
PHOTOGRAPHED  
EXCEPT HIM!



AND SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA  
ALONG A DUSTY ROAD, IN  
SEARCH OF NEW  
ADVENTURES...

TELL YOUR  
FRIENDS  
ABOUT  
UNCLE SAM!  
DO NOT MISS HIS  
NEXT ADVENTURE.



# Drop POWERS

WINGS OF DEATH OVER LONDON... THE ACE TRANSPORT PILOT MEETS WITH LIFE-RISKING ADVENTURE.

BY LYNN BYRD

AT A HIDDEN AIR BASE, PROP POWERS AND HIS CO-PILOT, JIM, ENTER A FAST SEAPLANE.



WITH A BOAR, THE MOTORS OF THE SLEEK LINER SPRING TO LIFE...



HES CARRYING PLANS FOR A SUPER-BOMBER FOR ENGLAND! OUR OTHER TWO PASSENGERS ARE FOREIGN OFFICIALS!



AS THE PLANE DRONES ON, THE PASSENGERS SIT IN UTTER BOREDOM...



OUR JOB IS TO GET THEM SAFELY TO ENGLAND!



MEANWHILE, AT CLAYTON AIR TERMINAL, ENGLAND, THE PHONE RINGS IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE.



OH, HELLO, MAJOR FAWCETT! YES, PROP POWERS IS DUE IN ONE HOUR? YOU'RE WELCOME!



CAPTAIN ROY, TAKE YOUR DETAIL AND LEAVE FOR CLAYTON AIRPORT! POWERS WILL BE THERE AT ONE O'CLOCK SHARP!



BUT PROP IS RUNNING INTO TROUBLE, BLACK RAIN CLOUDS SUDDENLY ENVELOP THE PLANE.





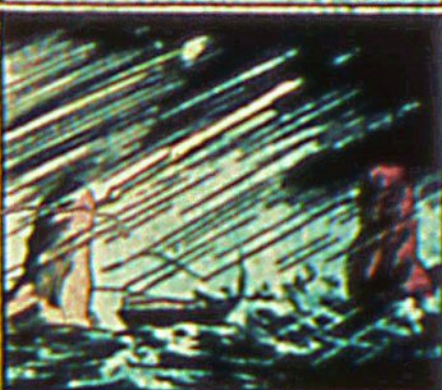
AT THE SAME TIME A SUBMARINE PREPARES TO LEAVE ITS HIDDEN BASE OFF AN ISLAND NORTH OF BRITAIN.



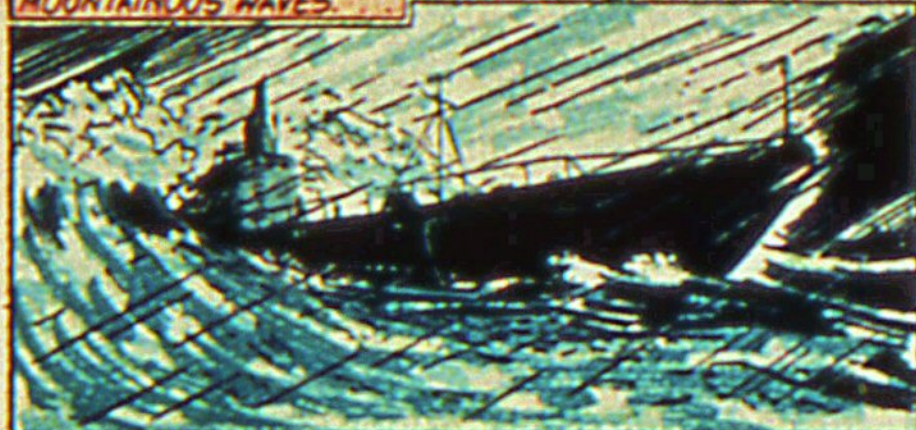
LOAD THAT STUFF AND CAST YOUR LINES OFF! FULL SPEED AHEAD!



THE STORM BREAKS AS THE SUBMARINE HEADS OUT TO SEA.



PITCHING AND TOSSING THE SUB PUSHES ON THROUGH THE MOUNTAINOUS WAVES.



SUDDENLY ON POWER'S CRAFT ONE OF THE "OFFICIALS" DRAWS A GUN ON PROP.



PUT YOUR HANDS UP!

WHAT THE!

SIMULTANEOUSLY THE OTHER "OFFICIAL" STICKS A GUN BEHIND THE INVENTOR'S EAR.



BE QUIET, AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!

YOU WILL SET THE PLANE DOWN ON THE OCEAN NOW!

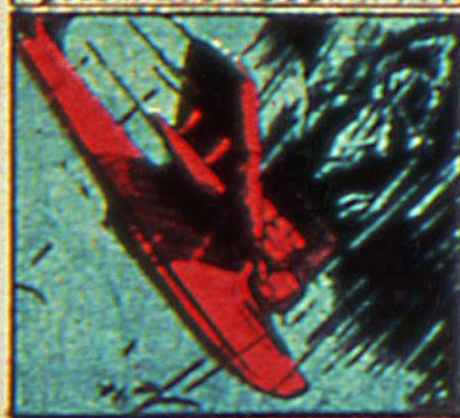


BUT THAT'S SUICIDE! IN THIS STORM WE'LL BE SMASHED TO PIECES!

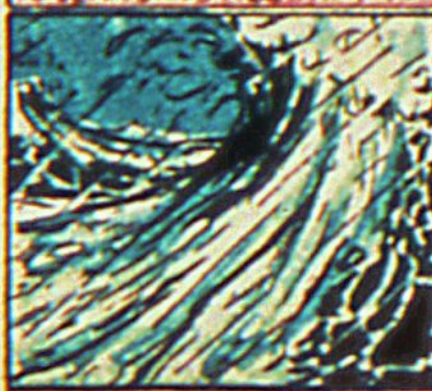


SHUT UP! DO AS YOU'RE TOLD!

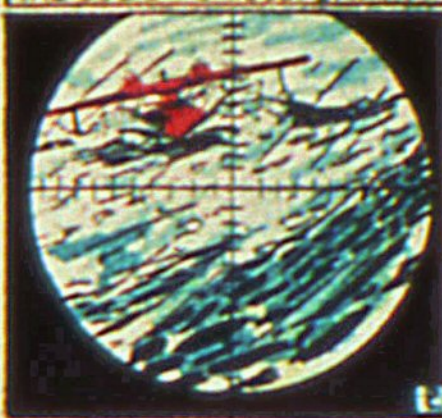
WITH NO ALTERNATIVE POWERS NOSES THE PLANE DOWN.



AS THE PLANE NEARS THE SURFACE THE WAVES SEEM TO LEAP UP TO MEET IT.



THE LANDING IS WATCHED FROM THE SUB'S PERISCOPE.





COMING TO THE SURFACE, THE SUBMARINE DISCHARGES A BOAT-LOAD OF SAILORS



AT GUN POINT, THE INVENTOR IS FORCED FROM THE PLANE.



WATCHING HIS CHANCE, PROP SEIZES THE WRIST OF ONE OF THE FOREIGN AGENTS.



AND WITH A POWERFUL FLIP HE TOSSES HIM INTO THE RAGING SEA



TURNING WITH A SWIFT UPPER-CUT, HE FELS ANOTHER



SUDDENLY A VICIOUS BLOW FROM BEHIND SENDS PROP DOWN.



BACK TO THE SUBMARINE, NOW THE BATTERED MEN WITH THE INVENTOR



COMING TO A SHORT TIME LATER, PROP FINDS THE STORM OVER... AND TAKES OFF...



HEY JIM! SNAP OUT OF IT!

PROP SIGHTS THE HIDDEN SUBMARINE BASE.



THERE'S THE SUB, JIM!

YEAH, WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

THE SUB CREW, SEEING PROP'S PLANE, OPENS FIRE.



SWING HER INLAND, JIM! WE'LL FIND A PLACE TO LAND!



OKAY PROP?

LANDING INLAND ON A BARREN FIELD, PROP LEAVES FOR THE HIDDEN COASTAL BASE.



YOU STAY WITH THE PLANE, JIM!

O.K.!



LABORIOUSLY, POWERS HEADS FOR THE HIDDEN BASE, WHEN...



AS THE CART JOLTS ALONG, PROP MARKS THE APPROXIMATE POSITION OF THE BASE...



SLIPPING THROUGH THE CLIFF RINGED SHORE, PROP STOPS SHORT IN AMAZEMENT.



QUICKLY MAKING HIS WAY TO THE BUILDING, PROP ENTERS A SIDE DOOR.



SUDDENLY, THE GUARD SPRINGS AT POWERS.



BUT WITH A SWIFT BLOW, PROP SENDS HIM REELING.



AND TURNS TO LOOK IN WONDER AT THE HUNDREDS OF PLANES!





SUDDENLY A FIGURE RUNS  
ACROSS THE FLOOR. . .



STARTLED BY PROPS PRESENCE,  
HE WHIPS OUT A GUN.



LEAVING THE PLANT THEY  
DASH FOR THE HILLS. . .



REACHING THE PLANE THEY CLAMP THE  
GUN ON A WINDOW.



A MOMENT LATER THE ENEMY  
FLEET ROARS OVERHEAD. . .



IN A WIDE FORMATION, THE FLEET  
ROARS ON TOWARD ENGLAND.



GOING INTO A STEEP CLIMB  
PROP STARTS AFTER THEM.





AND AT 350 M.P.H. PROP QUICKLY OVERTAKES THE AIR ARMADA.



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE SHOOTING, JIM!

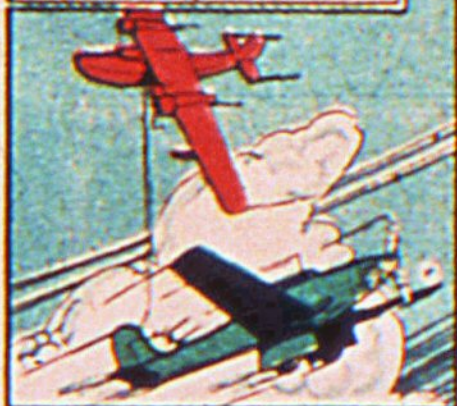
OK, PROP!



WITH DEADLY ACCURACY PROP AIMS AT AN ENEMY PLANE.



PROP HAS ONLY TO HIT A METAL SPOT, AND



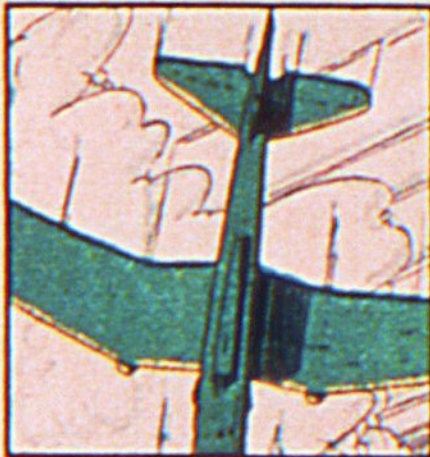
THE MOTOR OF THAT PLANE IS RUINED.



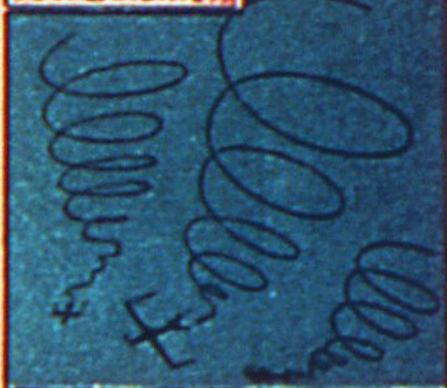
THE SHOCK OF SURPRISE OVER A WITHERING COUNTER-FIRE BEGINS.



GRIMLY, PROP FIGHTS ON, KNOWING THAT HELP MUST SOON ARRIVE.



THE HELPLESS PLANES GLIDE TO A LANDING.



SUDDENLY A SQUADRON OF BRITISH PURSUIT PLANES ZOOM INTO THE BATTLE.



AND THE REMNANTS OF THE ATTACKING FLEET ARE DOWNED.



LATER. WITHOUT YOUR HELP LONDON WOULD PROBABLY BE IN RUINS!



DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILLING AIR ADVENTURE OF PROP POWERS... IN THE NEXT ISSUE...



# SALLY O'NEIL

*Policewoman*

BY  
FRANK  
KEARNS



"GLAMOUR" DROPS INTO THE LAP OF THE CLEVEREST GAL ON THE POLICE FORCE, AND SENDS HER ON A THRILL-PACKED TRAIL OF DANGER, CRIME, AND ACTION...

SALLY GOES TO A PARTY FOR A BIT OF RELAXATION.

YOUR LIFE MUST BE VERY EXCITING, MISS O'NEIL.

IT'S A RISKY BUSINESS ALL RIGHT, BUT I LOVE IT. I COULDN'T STAND A TAME LIFE.

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, TEN FLOORS ABOVE A MAN DROPS FROM A WINDOW.

AND HURTLES TOWARD THE AWNING.

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!

A STRANGE WAY TO JOIN A PARTY! DID YOU JUMP OR WERE YOU PUSHED?







SALLY CRUISES AROUND TOWN SEEKING TROUBLE. SUDDENLY AT A STOPLIGHT.



TWO MEN STEP INTO HER CAR.



OK, MRS. BARRY GILMORE, WE'LL DIRECT YOU, AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS, SEE?



THEY DRIVE DOWNTOWN TO A DISREPUTABLE NEIGHBORHOOD.



OPEN UP, JOE. TELL THE BOSS WE'RE HERE!



HERE SHE IS, BOSS.

GOOD! NOW MRS. GILMORE, WE'RE GONNA SEND YOU TO YOUR HUSBAND!



BUT SALLY BRINGS HER FISTS UP FOR A DOUBLE TAKE.



AND I'D ADVISE YOU TO STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!



THE BOSS DISREGARDS HER WARNING AND LUNGES AT HER.



SALLY FIRES, WOUNDING HIM!



BUT ONE OF THE THUGS GRABS SALLY FROM BEHIND.



DON'T WASTE TIME, BOYS. SHOOT THE LITTLE WILD CAT!









# Pen Miller



BEN MILLER IS A RENOWNED COMIC BOOK ARTIST, WHO REVOLVES HIS PLOTS AROUND CRIMINAL CASES HE HAS SOLVED AS A FAMOUS DETECTIVE... THE UNDERWORLD HOLDS HIM IN AWED RESPECT, FOR HE HAS BEEN THE UNDOING OF MANY A DESPERATE CHARACTER



YE GOSH, I'M STALE TODAY, NIKI... NOT AN IDEA IN MY NOODLE!



MIGHT I SUGGEST VISIT TO WATERFRONT DENS, SIR, MIGHT BE IDEA LURKING IN THAT VICINITY...



GOOD BOY, NIKI! LET'S SEE WHAT OUR CUT-THROAT FRIENDS ARE DOING!

I FELT NEED OF FRESH AIR ANYWAY, SIR.

SOON THEY ARRIVE IN A MOST UNSAVORY DOWNTOWN DISTRICT...



WHAT'S THAT AMBULANCE DOING IN FRONT OF TONY TORPEDO'S PLACE?

PROBABLY IS NOT TONY WHO IS ILL... TOO BAD!



WHAT'S UP, TONY... ANOTHER DERELICT FRIEND O' YOURS TOOK SICK?

HUH? OH, IT'S YOU! YEAH... HE'S DEAD... PTOMAINNE POISONING...







"IT WAS FREEZIN' WEATHER AN' WE WAS SURE HE'D GET PNEUMONIA... BUT NO SOAP...."



"NEXT WE CUT UP SOME OLD SARDINE CANS INTO SHREDS AN' STUCK 'EM INTO HIS GRUB..."



"ANY ORDINARY MUSS WOULD'VE FOLDED UP ON THAT DIET... BUT NOT THIS GUY... HE JUS' GETS FATTER AN' FATTER..."



"THEN ONE COLD DAY WHEN THERE WAS RAIN AN' SLEET AN' ICE, WE LEFT HIM LAYIN' IN THE COUNTRY... TRYIN' TO GET 'IM SICK..."



"BUT NEXT DAY HE SHOWS UP AGAIN, HEALTHIER THAN EVER... AN' US BUSTIN' WITH COLDS WE CAUGHT ON THAT -- &!! TRIP!"



WOTTA BUNCHA AMACHOORS! NOW, HERE'S A GAG DAT'S FOOLPROOF...

LAY 'IM IN DE MIDDLE O' DE OLD POST ROAD UP ON NOBB HILL... DEN WE DRIVE OUR CAR OVER 'IM AN' LEAVE DE STIFF DERE! JUST A HIT-N-RUN ACCIDENT, SEE?



HAVE TO WORK FAST, NIKI!



HE'S OUT COLD AGAIN, BOSS...

GOOD! LET'S GO !!

NOT THIS TIME, BOYS! REACH...







BUT PEN'S FOOT SLIPS  
ON A CUSPIDOR!



WITH WHICH,  
THEY FALL  
UPON THE  
PROSTRATE  
CARTOONIST!



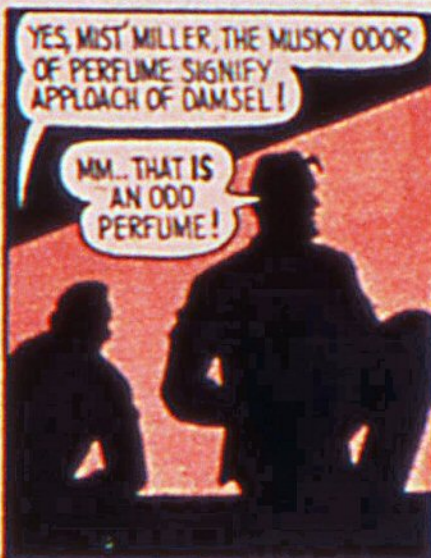
THIS HURT ME  
MORE THAN  
HURT  
YOU!



PEN AND HIS VALET COME TO IN A DARK ROOM.



NIKI! SOMEONE'S  
COMING!



YES, MIST' MILLER, THE MUSKY ODOOR  
OF PERFUME SIGNIFY  
APPROACH OF DAMSEL!

MM... THAT IS  
AN ODD  
PERFUME!

THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN HURRIEDLY  
RELEASES PEN, WHO NEVERTHELESS  
CANNOT DISTINGUISH HER FEATURES..

THE FAMOUS PEN MILLER!  
I'VE ADMIRERD YOU AND  
YOUR DEEDS FOR A LONG  
TIME..



DARKNESS LENDS ME COURAGE  
TO EXPRESS MY ADMIRATION!

AHEM! I TLUST  
IN MEANWHILE  
I AM NOT  
FORGOTTEN!

SMACK



PARDON, SIR, BUT MISSY  
LEFT TRACKS ON  
COURTENANCE!

HUH?  
OH...

PEN  
FREES  
NIKI...  
THEY  
LOOK  
FOR  
THE  
GIRL  
BUT  
SHE  
WAS  
VAN-  
ISHED..



THIS OIL TRUCK  
SHOULD GET US  
TO NOBB HILL  
FAST, NIKI!

HEY!



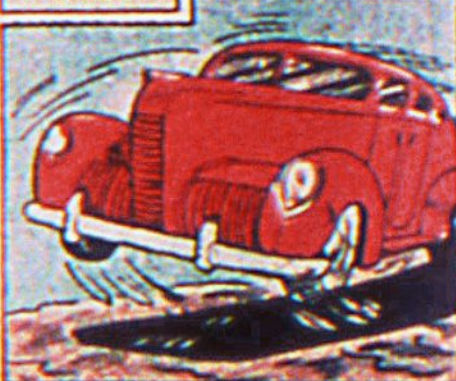
THERE'S THE POOR DEVIL NOW!



PEN IS  
STRUCK  
WITH AN  
IDEA...  
AND  
HE  
POURS  
THE  
OIL  
ONTO  
THE  
ROAD!



SOON THE GANGSTERS' CAR HURTTLES  
ACROSS THE OILY PAVEMENT....  
IT SKIDS!!



TOO BAD... LOOK  
LIKE WE MUST  
WAIT TILL NEXT ISSUE  
TO SEE WHAT KIND OF  
STORY MIST  
MILLER DREW...

ANOTHER  
FAST MOVING  
PEN MILLER  
TARN IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE  
OF NATIONAL  
COMICS





ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE, A POOR FAMILY UNABLE TO PAY RENT IS BEING EVICTED.



COME ON! COME ON YOU BIG OX! WHAT AM I PAYIN' YOU FOR?



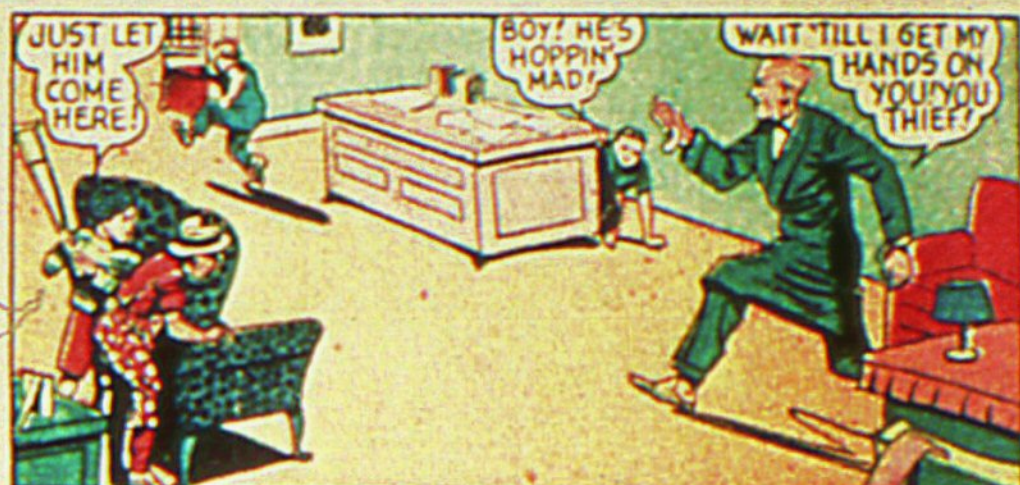




























THE STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED FULL GROWN MEN IN ONE LITTLE BOY! IN AWE, THE WORLD WATCHES THE AMAZING, DARING FEATS OF THE WONDER BOY... THE LAD WHO MAKES HISTORY.

By  
*Jerry Maxwell*

THE WONDER BOY, LAD OF AMAZING STRENGTH AND BRAVERY, IS FETTERED THROUGHOUT EUROPE FOR SAVING IT FROM A MONGOLIAN ATTACK.



BUT THE MONGOLIANS PLAN A CRUEL REVENGE.

THIS CHILD MUST PAY FOR DEFEATING OUR GREAT ARMY!



THEIR AGENTS ARE SENT TO PARIS WITH ORDERS TO KIDNAP THE WONDER BOY AT ANY COST.



SIGHTSEEING IN THE WORLD'S FAMOUS CAPITOLS TAKES UP MOST OF WONDER BOY'S TIME.



WOW! IT'S GOOD TO GET AWAY FROM THOSE CROWDS! I'LL JUST SNEAK OFF AND SEE THE SIGHTS ALL BY MYSELF!



AN APPLE VENDOR OUTSIDE THE LUXEMBURG GARDENS CATCHES HIS EYE.



OH BOY! I SHOULD HAVE BOUGHT MORE OF THESE! BET THE GENERALS AND PRESIDENT WOULD LIKE ONE TOO!



SUDDENLY WONDER BOY STAGGERS AND FALLS AS THE SLANT-EYED VENDOR BECKONS TO HIS COMPANIONS.



DRUGGED BY THE TEMPTING FRUIT THE WONDER BOY FALLS PREY TO HIS VICIOUS ABDUCTORS.





ACROSS TWO CONTINENTS TO FAR OFF CHINA, A SPEEDING PLANE CARRIES THE UNCONSCIOUS LAD.



HE IS SOLD TO THE MOST BLOODTHIRSTY PIRATES THAT PAID THE CHINESE INLAND WATERWAYS.



MUCH LATER, IN THE HOLD OF A CHINESE JUNK.

HOW IN THE WORLD DID I GET HERE, AND WHERE IS IT?



THROUGH THE CHOPPY WATERS OF THE YANGTZE RIVER, THE LITTLE JUNK SAILS.



SUDDENLY

A WHIRLPOOL! WE'RE HEADING RIGHT INTO IT!



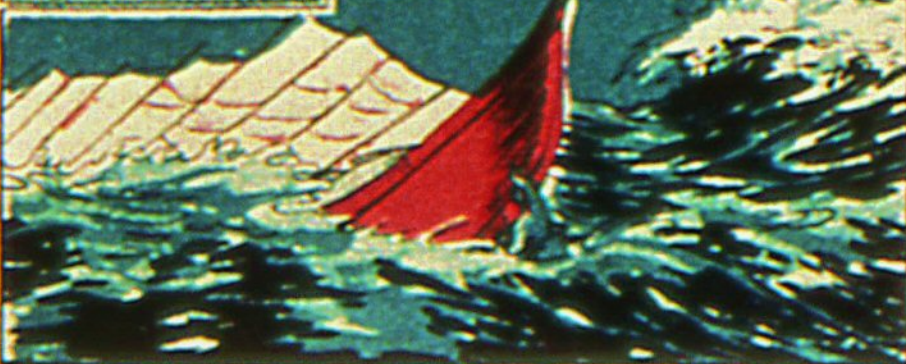
WE CAN'T SAVE OURSELVES! WE'LL ALL DROWN!



BUT FROM THE DECK A SMALL BUT POWERFUL FIGURE DIVES INTO THE DANGEROUSLY SWIRLING WATERS.



BATTLING AGAINST TERRIFIC SUCTION, WONDER BOY PUSHES THE HEAVY CRAFT OUT OF THE PATH OF THE DEADLY VORTEX.



SAVED BY THE WONDER BOY, THE PIRATES ARE OVERJOYED WITH THEIR AMAZING PURCHASE.

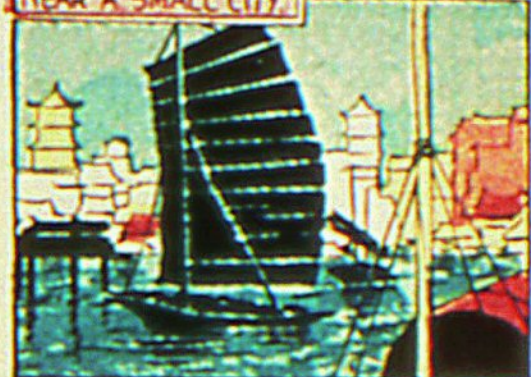


NOW TELL ME WHERE AM I?





AFTER A LONG, ARDUOUS VOYAGE, THE BAND OF RIVER PIRATES WEIGH ANCHOR NEAR A SMALL CITY.



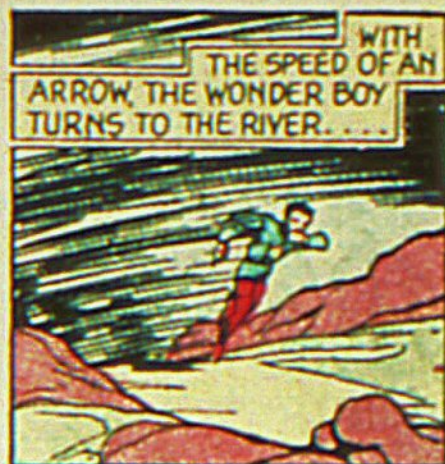
PUSHING SEVERAL MILES INLAND, THEY LEAD THE WONDER BOY THROUGH BLEAK, UNINHABITED COUNTRY.















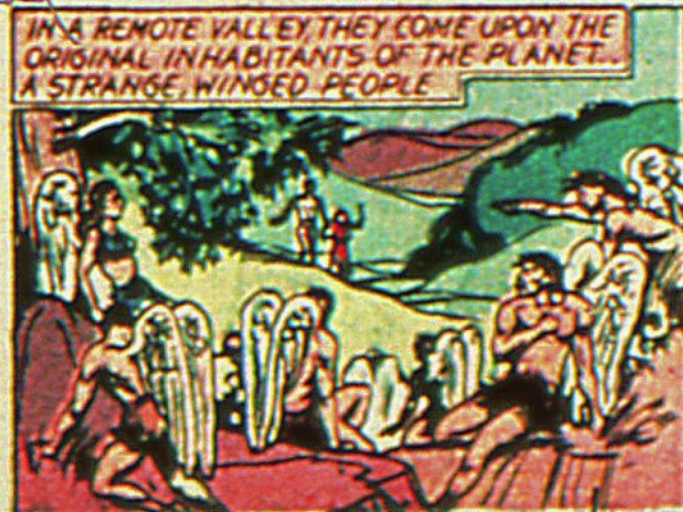
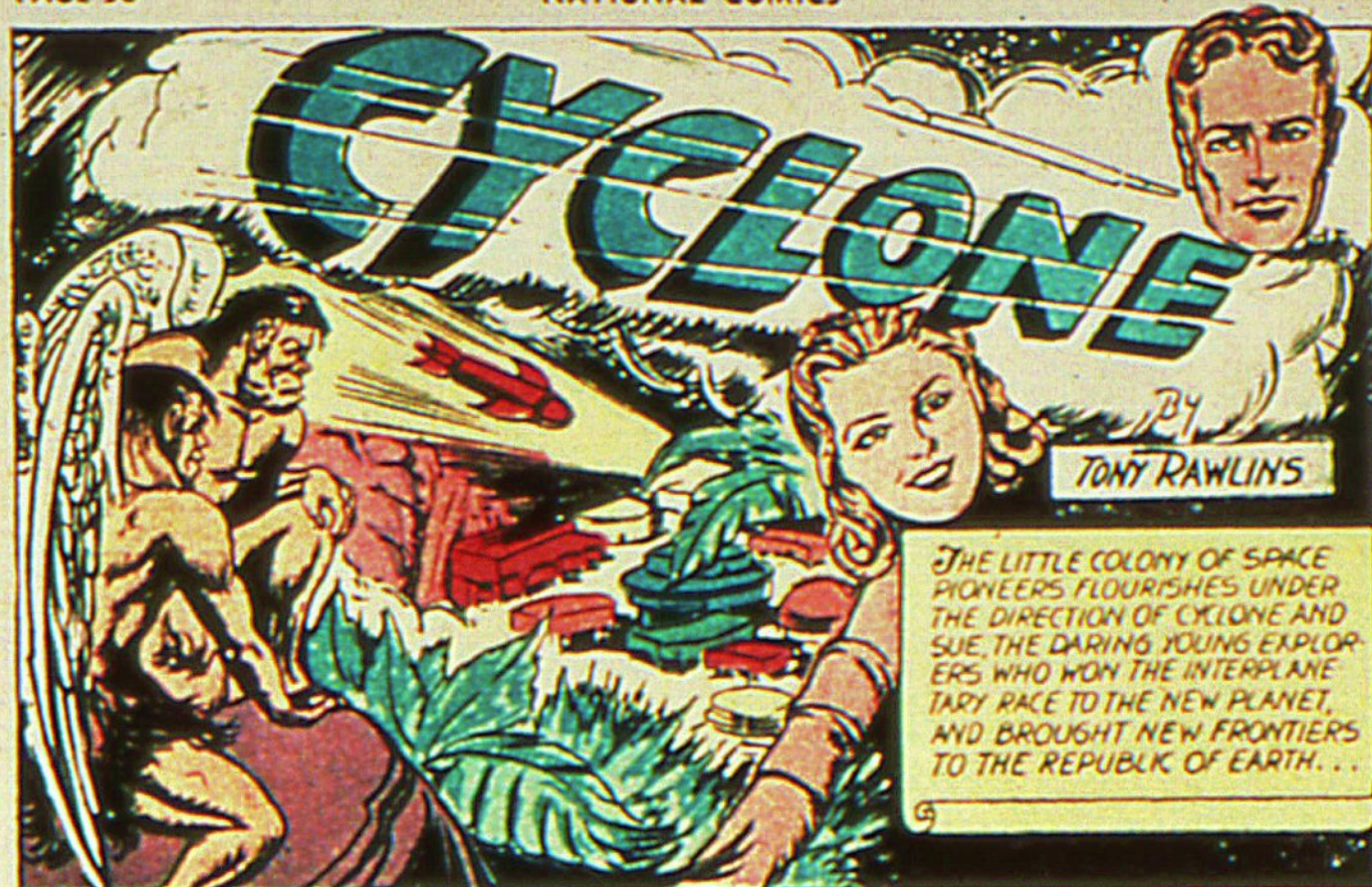
FASTER THAN THE WIND, THE WONDER  
BOY MADLY RACES THE THREATENING  
CLOUDS AS THEY TRAVEL SWIFTLY  
TOWARD THE TEMPLE.



THE KING OF  
RACKETEERS  
IS NO MATCH  
FOR THE  
TREMENDOUS  
STRENGTH  
AND AMAZING  
SKILL OF  
WONDER  
BOY,  
IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE.









BUT ZARKAS, KING OF MARS, DEFEATED BY CYCLOPE, FOR THE POSSESSION OF THE PLANET, PLOTS REVENGE AND THE CAPTURE OF THE PLANET.

WE CAN STIR UP A REBELLION AMONG THE WINGED NATIVES!

SPEEDILY, THE MARTIANS HEAD FOR THE UNEXPLORED FORESTS OF THIS NEW WORLD.



IN A HIDDEN VALLEY THEY BUILD A GREAT FORTRESS.



THE NATIVES ARE POWERFUL, BUT DO NOT KNOW THEIR OWN STRENGTH. WE MUST CAPTURE SOME FOR HOSTAGES!



WE'LL SCATTER THESE NETS AND EASILY CAPTURE ENOUGH OF THEM. BUT WE SHALL ONLY KEEP THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN!





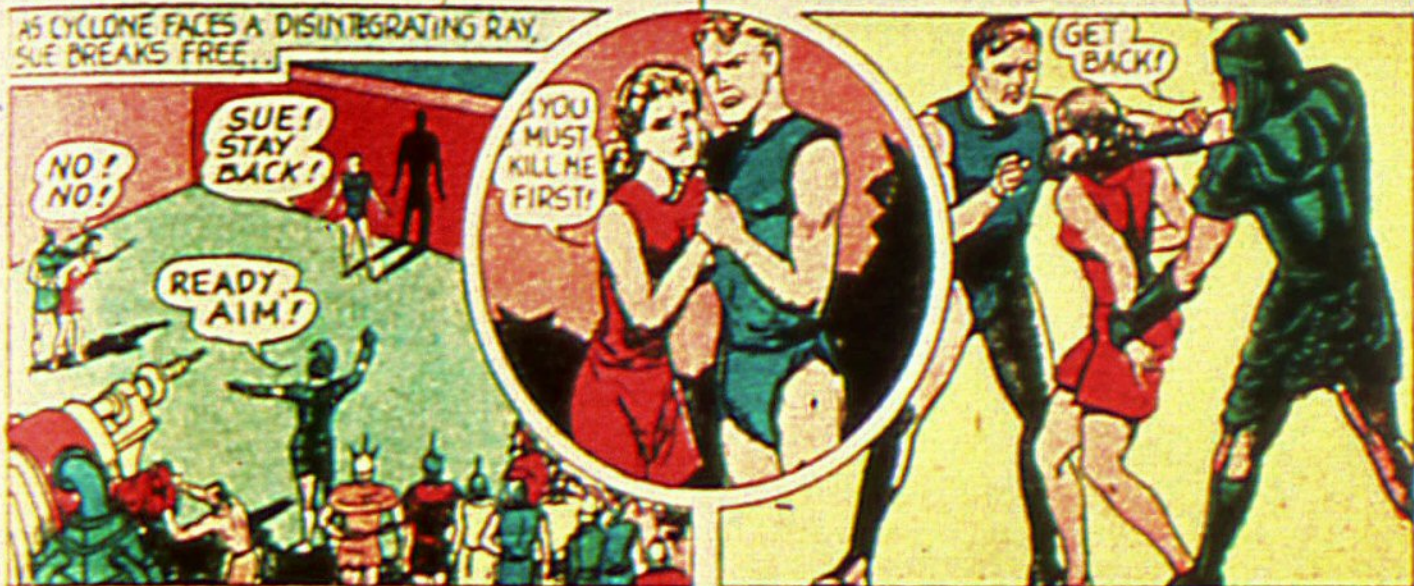


AND SO THE NATIVES, UNABLE TO REFUSE, ATTACK THE COLONY AND CAPTURE CYCLONE





AS CYCLONE FACES A DISINTEGRATING RAY,  
SUE BREAKS FREE...



BUT ZARKAS MAKES THE ERROR  
OF COMING WITHIN CYCLONE'S  
REACH, AND...



AT THAT MOMENT REBEL NATIVES  
SWOOP OVER THE WALL.....







CYCLONE AND HIS MEN MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE MARTIANS...



ZARXAS ORDERS HIS MEN TO BATTER DOWN A BULKHEAD.



AS THE MARTIAN SHIP LEAVES THE PLANET, CYCLONE FREES THE WINGED CAPTIVE.









AFTER DINNER, DANNY TOPPS AND JENNE DRIVE IN-TO TOWN TO CHEER UP THE SAD LITTLE GIRL.



THEY ARRIVE IN THE MIDST OF A WELCOMING PARTY FOR THE TOWN'S HOMECOMING HERO.



WELL, WOTTA Y' KNOW! WE DROVE RIGHT INTO 'LADY LUCK' STAY HERE, KIDS. I'LL BE BACK PRONTO!



HEY! WAIT UP! WAIT FER ME!



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

H-I-I GOTTA FIGHTER (PUFF) HOW 'BOUT A MATCH (PUFF) IN THIS TOWN?



THIS OUGHT TO BE A GOOD PUBLICITY STUNT!



OKAY, FELLA! THE STAKES, A THOUSAND BUCKS AT PICNIC PARK, NEXT SATURDAY!

A THOUSAND! ER SURE, SURE WE'LL BE THERE! THANKS!

WELL, I FIXED IT! IF YOU WIN, WE PAY OFF MR. BARLEY'S MORTGAGE! IF NOT-



NEXT MORNING DANNY BEGINS TRAINING...



USING MR. BARLEY'S FARM HAND AS A SPARRING PARTNER, DANNY SHAPES UP ENCOURAGINGLY.





SUDDENLY A STATION WAGON ROLLS INTO THE FARM.



THAT FIGHTER MAY SETTLE THE MORTGAGE IF HE WINS THE FIGHT! AND WE DON'T WANT BARLEY TO KEEP THE FARM! WE GOTTA HAVE THAT LAND!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL SEE THAT THE MORTGAGE ISN'T PAID! THE BOYS WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT PUG!



YOU GOT A FINE BOY THERE! YER WASTIN' YOUR TIME MATCHIN' HIM WITH A 'HAG BEE' LIKE SLUGGER!

MEBBE, BUT HE'S THE BEST THIS TOWN'S GOT TO OFFER!



WHY DON'T YOU AND YOUR BOY DROP OVER TONIGHT! I'LL SET YOU UP FOR BIGGER BOUTS.

WELL, THAT'S DARN WHITE OF YOU! WE'LL BE OVER ALL RIGHT!



WELL, I FIXED IT AGAIN! YOU'RE HEADED FOR THE 'BIG TIME,' KID!

I DON'T KNOW AS I TRUST THOSE TWO FELLERS!



DANNY AND TOPPS ARRIVE AT THE APPOINTED SPOT.

GO ON IN AHEAD, TOPPS! I'LL BE IN LATER!



WAL, WHERE'S YER FIGHTER?

ER-ER-HE'LL BE RIGHT ALONG! (I HOPE!) I'LL GO GET HIM RIGHT-



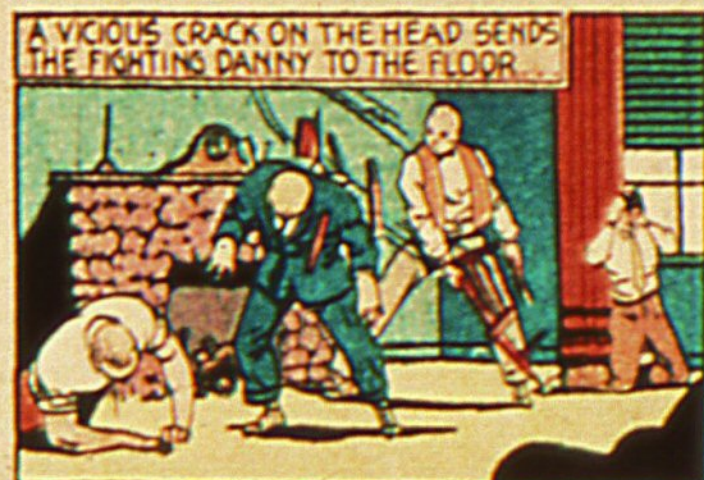
NO YA DON'T! THE BOSS SAID TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!



MR. BARLEY'S SUSPICIONS WERE RIGHT!



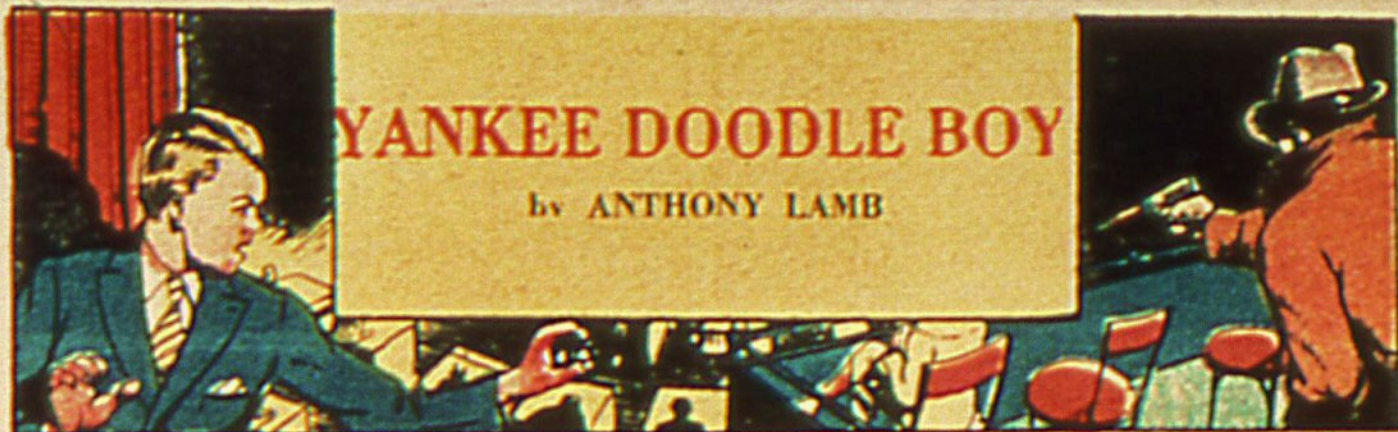












"Murder in the Senate Gallery!" Newspapers the nation over splashed the incredible words across their headlines in bold black letters.

Washington police were baffled. The G-men were hopelessly unable to uncover a single clue to the murder that took place in a room full of onlookers during a heated Senate debate.

Talk of the murder eclipsed most of the important national and international affairs of state then under discussion on the floors of the House and Senate. And probably the most excited conversations of all took place among the youngest contingent of the Capitol corps—the page boys.

"Can ya imagine? Who would want to kill a visitin' school teacher? That's what I don't understand—if it was one of those foreign spies—but a school teacher from some hick town in Oregon—" Corny Dobbs scratched his yellow head and looked puzzled. The other boys laughed.

"The motive isn't what's bothering me—I had a teacher back home once that I could of—well—" Johnny Farrel gestured significantly slicing his finger across his throat. "It's the method that's got me—stabbed in the back and Jimmy Jones swears there was no one sitting near her in the gallery."

"Hey, by the way—where is Jimmy Jones?"

Where WAS the Yankee Doodle boy, Jimmy Jones? He hadn't been around since the day of the murder! What on earth was he up to now? Since the time he saved the nation's armament plans from being blown to smithereens by a band of vicious spies—anything was expected of the Yankee Doodle Boy.

Jimmy Jones hadn't left the Capitol building for two days, but he also hadn't reported for work. After Miss Peter's body had been removed from the gallery and the interest had been shifted downstairs where the police were questioning the Senators and other visitors, Jimmy had slipped up to where the unfortunate school teacher had been sitting and taken a quick look around. Suddenly he noticed something sticking out from between the seat and the arm of the chair Miss Peters had occupied.

It was a small black notebook. Quickly he thumbed through it, expecting to find a list of pupils' names with little black conduct marks next to them—but instead, he was startled to read a list of familiar names—Senators, Representatives, Committeemen—and next to their names . . . Jimmy whistled.

"Wow, if this list ever got published with these accusations—it would be curtains for that bunch—and I guess it's up to me to hand it over."

"What have you got there,

Jimmy?" It was old Hal Jasper, the gallery usher, who had been at the door when the murder was committed. He had gone down for questioning and after answering that no one had gone in or out of the door while he was there, came back to his post—a little too hastily, Jimmy thought.

"Oh, it's nothing Jasper—just a notebook I keep memos in—I was just lookin' around and—"

"Let me see the memos, Jimmy." The Yankee Doodle boy looked up startled, as old Hal stepped toward him. His voice held a tone of menace as he requested to see the book. He reached out and his long bony fingers clutched Jimmy's shoulder.

"Hand over that note book. I'm not kidding."

The Yankee Doodle boy ducked his head under the man's arm and jerked himself free. He bolted for the hall and dashed down a winding staircase. But with a speed amazing for one his age, Jasper was clattering down the long flight after him. But when he caught the boy and swung him viciously around delivering a hard blow that sent him reeling to the floor—the black note book was no longer on his person.

"What did he do with it in such a short time? Jasper grumbled, frantically searching through Jimmy's clothes as he lay unconscious on the hard, cold floor.

When Jimmy came to, a sharp pain cut across his face where Jasper's fist had struck. He tried



to open his mouth but his lips were sealed by a tightly strapped piece of tape and his hands and feet were cruelly drawn behind him and bound with heavy rope as he lay on his side in a dark, chilly room.

As the black began to filter into gray, Jimmy could discern the dim outline of huge filing cases and stacked furniture. At the far wall was a door. He began to roll slowly across the floor toward it—maybe a guard would be walking outside—maybe if he banged his head hard enough. Suddenly his progress was blocked by a soft form that wriggled and kicked violently as he rolled against it. Jimmy turned to see the figure of a man bound and gagged as he. No words or motions were necessary to convey their common need. Back to back the man and boy worked feverishly at each others bindings—torturously skinning the tight rope down over their hands and fingers. When at last they were free and had painfully ripped the adhesive from their mouths, the still walls echoed with their hurried whispers.

"Senator Grayson!"

"Jimmy, my boy, we must get out of here at once. They're coming back to get rid of both of us as soon as they can safely get us from the capitol building. It should be any minute now."

"Who?"

"The ones who murdered Miss Peters who was not a school teacher. She was a private investigator in my employ. She was just about to signal me to make my accusations against a certain clique of legislators about whom she had gathered plenty of evidence, when she was murdered by Hal Jasper, that old scoundrel who was bought by them. I'll tell you their names later—"

"I know them, already Senator—I found Miss Peter's little black book."

"Good work, Jimmy! Now if we can get safely to the police. Where is the book?"



Before Jimmy could answer, footsteps nearing the door silenced the two prisoners and sent them swiftly behind the filing cases. A beam of light cut the darkness as the door opened and three husky men stalked in.

Like two fleet shadows, the page boy and the Senator slipped out into the hall and were halfway down a flight of stairs before their captors discovered their escape and filled the hall with the clack of heavy, running footsteps.

"Let's try to make the Subway, Senator Grayson—it's the only way we can get away from them!" The Yankee Doodle Boy led the gray-haired statesman down the winding stairs at a fast clip till they reached the dark tunnel of the subway that leads from the right wing to the left in the capitol building.

The Senator fairly flew into the waiting car and Jimmy jumped to the controls. The car slid along its single track into the protecting shadows, as the three men dashed frantically to the platform. The Senator and the Yankee Doodle Boy chuckled with relief as the furious threats and curses came to them from the other end of the tunnel.

Several minutes later the Capitol police did a quick job of rounding up the would-be mur-

derers. And the next morning a roomful of nervous Senators, Representatives and Committeemen waited questioning before the Senate investigation committee.

"You say you have proof in Miss Peter's own handwriting that these are all the men connected with the graft ring and the murder scandal, Senator Grayson?"

"Why, yes, Jimmy, where's the notebook?"

The Yankee Doodle Boy had a curious smile on his face. He turned to Hal Jasper who sat anxiously mopping his perspiring brow.

"Daniel Webster has it. I'll go get it from him."

Jasper's eyes popped in frustrated fury as he and the rest watched Jimmy go down the hall and calmly lift the little black notebook from the outstretched palm of Daniel Webster's statue.

"So that's where he dropped it while I was chasin' him!" Jasper gasped incredulously.

"Geel!" Corny's eyes were bright with admiration when he heard the story, "Maybe they'll put up a statue of you some day, Jimmy—next to Daniel Webster—the statue of the Yankee Doodle Boy!"



# PAUL BUNYAN

THE WORLD'S TALLEST MAN, PAUL BUNYAN, OF THE NORTH-WEST, HE IS SO MUCH LARGER AND STRONGER THAN THE ORDINARY HUMAN, THAT HE CAN UPROOT TREES, AND ACCOMPLISH OTHER SUCH FEATS OF TERRIFIC STRENGTH.

By  
Forey Weaver



C'MON, PAUL, WHILE THE MEN ARE BUILDIN' THE COOK SHACK, WE'LL SCOUT THE TERRITORY!



GEE, AINT THIS SOME TIMBER, BOSS?



YEP, WE OUGHTA CLEAN UP ON THIS DEAL!

UNKNOWN TO PAUL AND HIS BOSS, A PAIR OF FIERCE-LOOKING INDIANS FOLLOW IN THEIR TRACKS. . . .



SUDDENLY AN ARROW TEARS PAST THE BOSS AND EMBEDS ITSELF INTO A TREE.

I'LL FETCHEM LET'S SCRAM, WILD INDIANS!



ONE INDIAN FALLS TO HIS KNEE AND TAKES CAREFUL AIM AT THE FAST CHARGING PAUL.





PAUL SIDE-STEPS AND GRABS THE ARROW IN MID AIR



CHARGING DOWN ON THE INDIAN, PAUL PICKS HIM UP AND SHAKES HIM LIKE A BABY RATTLE.....



WHAT'S THE IDEA SHOOTIN' AT US LOGGERS, I'M TAKIN' YOU BACK TO THE BOSS!



I FETCHED 'EM, BOSS!



THE INDIAN EXPLAINS THAT THERE IS ANOTHER WHITE GIANT IN THE FOREST WHO IS NEARLY AS BIG AS PAUL. THIS PERSON TERRORIZES HIS FELLOW-MEN INTO LABORING FOR NOTHING..

I'LL BET IT'S THAT KILLER, ONE-EYED MIKE DISOGRA!



I FEEL SORRY FOR THOSE INJUNS, BOSS.

THAT ONE-EYED MIKE IS CRUEL.



ONE MORNING AS PAUL AND BABE ARE STRETCHING SHORT LOGS INTO 40 FOOT LENGTHS, A WILD YELL PIERCES THE AIR.



PAUL TURNS TO SEE A BAND OF INDIANS RUNNING TOWARD HIM!



THEY MUST BE SICK THE WAY THEY'RE YELPIN'!





PAUL GOES ON STRETCHING LOGS, BUT SUDDENLY A THOUGHT COMES TO HIM.



PAUL MOUNTS THE BLUE OX AND OFF THEY GO.



GOSH, BABE, HOW'RE WE GONNA CROSS THIS LAKE? IT'S SO BIG AN' YOU CAN'T SWIM!



I GOT A IDEA—LET'S RIDE BACK ABOUT 100 PAGES...



PAUL SINKS HIS HEELS INTO BABE'S RIBS AND THEY SPEED FORWARD!



BABE RUNS SO FAST THAT HIS HOOFS DO NOT TOUCH THE WATER!





WHEW! THAT WAS NICE GOIN',  
BABE... HMM, LOOKS LIKE OUR  
INDIAN FRIENDS!



THE INDIANS RUN AROUND THE  
CABIN IN A FRENZY. HEEDLESS OF  
DANGER, SOFTHEARTED PAUL  
DASHES AMIDST THEM.



THE ENTIRE GROUP IS ASTOUNDED,  
AND THE SURROUNDINGS BECOME  
AS QUIET AS A GRAVEYARD.



SUDDENLY ONE-EYED MIKE STALKS  
OUT WITH HIS RIFLE.

I'M DA BOSS AN' I'LL GIVE YA  
TEN TA CLEAR OUT, OR I'LL BLOW  
YA OUT!



PAUL STARTS TOWARD MIKE.

NOW, MR. ONE-EYE, DON'T POINT  
THAT GUN AT ME. IT MIGHT GO OFF!



ONEEYED MIKE HAS HEARD OF PAUL  
AND IS N'T TAKING ANY CHANCES.  
HE SQUEEZES  
THE TRIGGER.



PAUL RUSHES FORWARD BEFORE  
THE BULLET LEAVES THE BARREL HE  
HAS HIS BIG HAND OVER THE  
MUZZLE.



THE BULLET BACKFIRES, EXPLODING  
THE GUN IN MIKE'S FACE.



BUT THIS MAKES MIKE FURIOUS,  
AND HE SWINGS VICIOUSLY AT PAUL.  
HE MISSES, AS PAUL QUICKLY DUCKS.







PAUL SWINGS ONE-EYE CLEAR OUT OVER THE TREE TOPS...



YOU INJUNS GIT FER HOME NOW. AN NO MORE FIGHTIN'!



PAUL MOUNTS BABE AND THEY HEAD BACK FOR CAMP, WHEN THEY ARE AGAIN CONFRONTED BY THE LAKE.

WHOA, BABE! I'M GONNA BUILD A BRIDGE AN MAKE IT EASY FER OTHER FELLERS TO GIT ACROSS!



WORKING FEVERISHLY THROUGHOUT THE DAY, THEY COMPLETE THE RAFT-BRIDGE LATE THAT NIGHT.



PAUL ARRIVES HOME TO FIND HIS BOSS WAITING FOR HIM.



I KNEWED YA WASN'T JUST KILLIN' TIME.



THE NEXT DAY WE FIND PAUL UPROOTING A FEW TREES.







THE KNIFE SINKS INTO PAUL'S MOUTH; BUT PAUL CLAMPS HIS STRONG TEETH ON THE BLADE STOPPING ITS PROGRESS.



HE SPINS MIKE AROUND AND HEAVES HIM TO THE GROUND...



TAKING A CHAIN THAT IS NEARBY, PAUL LASSES THE TOP OF A GIANT PINE...



PUTTING A MIGHTY STRAIN ON THE TREE, HE BENDS IT TO THE GROUND AND PLACES MIKE ON IT...



PAUL RELEASES THE CHAIN, AND THE TREE SPRINGS UPWARD, CATAPULTING MIKE THROUGH SPACE...



GOSH, I HOPE ONE-EYE AIN'T HURT 'CAUSE I DON'T AIM TO HARM NOBODY.



### More Lumberjack Terms...

SWAMPER - ONE WHO WORKS IN A LOWLAND.  
 COOKEE - A COOK.  
 COOK SHACK - A CABIN USED AS KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM.  
 - MORE NEXT MONTH -











# MERLIN

## The Magician

By  
Lance Blackwood

TWO LIVING MORTALS TRAPPED IN THE LAND OF THE DEAD... MERLIN, HEIR TO A MEDIEVAL MAGICAL POWER, COMBATS FANTASTIC ODDS IN A DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH SUPERNATURAL BEINGS.

AS DUSK FALLS UPON LONDON, THE MOON, PEERING THROUGH A CLOUD, REVEALS A SPECTRAL FORM MOVING OVER THE ROOFTOPS, AS IF IN QUEST OF SOMETHING... SOMEONE.



LIGHT STREAMS OUT OF EACH WINDOW OF LORD ELLIOT'S HOME. HE AND HIS DAUGHTER ARE ENTERTAINING GUESTS AT THEIR PARTY.



A GUEST AND LORD ELLIOT CONVERSE ON CONDITIONS IN INDIA.



SYBIL, MEANWHILE, IS THE CENTER OF ANOTHER CONVERSATION.

WHATEVER HAS BECOME OF YOUR EX-BOY FRIEND, JOCK KELLOGG, SYBIL?

THE LAST I HEARD OF HIM HE WAS FLAT BROKE!



ELLIOT, EXCUSING HIMSELF, GOES TO HIS LIBRARY TO FETCH A MEMORANDUM ON ONE OF HIS NUMEROUS TRAVELS IN INDIA... HE OPENS THE DOOR....



AND IS FROZEN IN HIS TRACKS.





HEARING HIS SCREAM THE GUESTS RUSH TO THE LIBRARY.



LORD ELLIOT!  
HE'S DEAD!

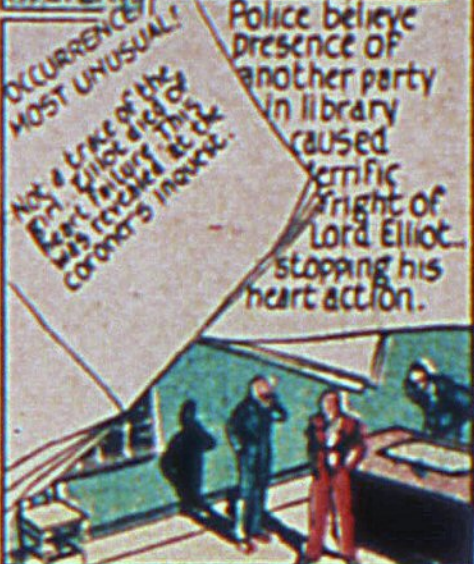
AND THEN TO THEIR AMAZEMENT, SYBIL VANISHES BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES.



LOOK!

SYBIL!

SCOTLAND YARD IS COMPLETELY BAFFLED BY THE STRANGE MYSTERY.



OCCURRENCE!  
NOT A TRACE OF THE  
FIRST ELLIOT AND  
THIS WAS REVEALED AT THE  
CORONER'S INQUIRY.

Police believe presence of another party in library caused terrific fright of Lord Elliot, stopping his heart action.

MERLIN, IN HIS HOTEL SUITE, ALSO READS ABOUT THE RECENT OCCURRENCES.



STRANGE! NO CLUES, NO MOTIVATION... HELLO! WHAT'S THIS?



...MOTOR'S activities confined to India, in the province of Rajah Abeeem, who was a close friend of Rajah's son. Mysterious death cried their friendship!

MERLIN PUTS ON HIS CLOAK AND BEGINS TO CONCENTRATE.



SOON HIS IMAGE FREES ITSELF FROM HIS PERSON TO ALL MORTAL EYES HE APPEARS TO BE SLEEPING.



IT LEAVES EUROPE AND CROSSES THE JUNGLES OF INDIA, AND...



THERE IT IS! THE PALACE OF RAJAH SINGH ABEEM!

THE IMAGE ENTERS THE PALACE AND CONFRONTS THE PRINCE.



WHO?  
WHA-

YOU MURDERED LORD ELLIOT AND SPIRITED AWAY SYBIL!



YES! I HAD REASON TO! I HAD A SON ONCE AND...



LONG AGO MY SON TOOK A JEWEL  
BELONGING TO LORD  
ELLIOT AND HE  
KILLED HIM!

I MADE A VOW  
AT MY SON'S  
BIER.

THE ETERNAL SPIRIT OF THE  
ANCIENT BRAHMAS SHALL AID  
ME IN AVENGING YOUR  
DEATH, MY BELOVED  
SON!



YOU WILL NOT FIND SYBIL,  
FOR SHE HAS GONE TO  
THE LAND OF THE  
DEAD. TO WANDER, A  
LIVING BEING AMONG  
THE DEAD.

FATHER!  
FATHER!



RECALLING HIS IMAGE, MERLIN  
CREATES A MAGIC BOAT TO TAKE  
HIM ON HIS MYSTERIOUS MISSION.



THERE MUST BE  
SOME WAY OF  
BRINGING HER  
BACK. SHE  
BELONGS  
IN THIS  
WORLD.

IN THE BOAT HE TRAVELS  
LONG AND FAR. INTO A  
STRANGE WORLD OF THE  
SUPERNATURAL.

AT LAST, I AM ON  
THE RIVER  
STYX!



MERLIN REACHES THE BLEAK AND BARREN LAND OF THE DEAD.





SUDDENLY HE COMES UPON LORD ELLIOT PLEADING WITH THE DEAD SON OF THE RAJAH.



MERLIN STEPS FORTH.



THE STARTLED HINDU RECOVERS HIS POISE.



AGAIN THE PRINCE IS STARTLED WHEN A SWORD APPEARS BEFORE MERLIN.









SINGH ABHEEM HEARS THE CRIES COMING FROM THE REGION OF THE DEAD...

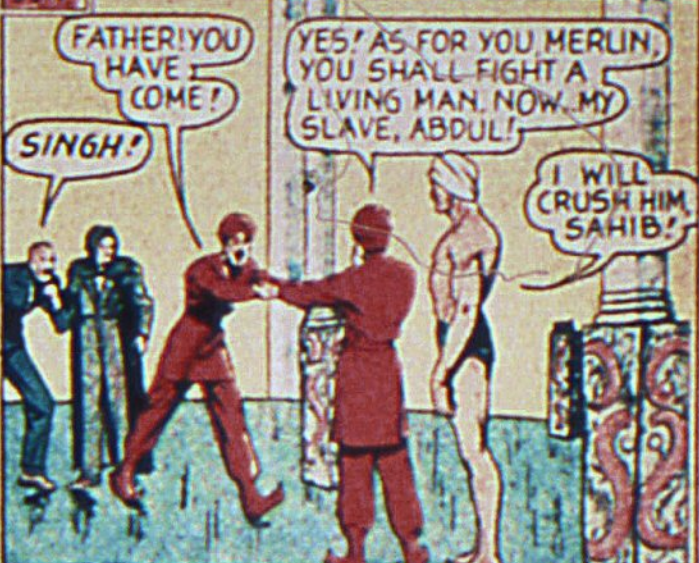


MY SON NEEDS MY HELP!

HE CASTS A SPELL OVER HIMSELF AND HIS GIANT SLAVE.



THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN THE PALACE OF ABHEEM'S SON.



FATHER! YOU HAVE COME!

SINGH!

YES! AS FOR YOU MERLIN, YOU SHALL FIGHT A LIVING MAN. NOW, MY SLAVE, ABDUL!

I WILL CRUSH HIM, SAHIB!

AND BEFORE MERLIN CAN MOVE, THE GIANT CATCHES HIM IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP.



WITH WHAT BREATH YOU HAVE LEFT, PRAY TO YOUR ALLAH, FOR IT IS YOUR LAST!



SYBIL LOOKS ON, HORRIFIED.



BUT MERLIN'S FREE FIST IS WHIPPED BACK, AND SMASHES INTO THE UNGUARDED JAW OF HIS OPPONENT.



THE GIRL IS FREE! GOODBYE, FATHER.



GOODBYE, SYBIL MY WISHES FOR YOUR HAPPINESS WILL EVER BE WITH YOU

AT LAST THE WORLD OF THE LIVING... AND LONDON IT IS NIGHT AS MERLIN IS LEAVING SYBIL THE LIGHT OF THE ROOM BEAMS THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR AND FALLS ACROSS HIS FACE...



I COULD ALMOST SWEAR THAT I'VE MET YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE!

WELL, MAYBE IT'S BETTER THAT SYBIL DID NOT RECOGNIZE HER OLD PLAYBOY FRIEND.



WHAT NEW AND EXCITING ADVENTURES AWAIT MERLIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE?



# Read THE BLACK CONDOR

*The Man  
Who Can  
Fly!*



Also  
IN  
CRACK  
COMICS  
EACH  
MONTH

THE  
CLOCK,  
ALIAS THE SPIDER,  
JANE ARDEN, THE  
SPACE LEGION,  
MADAM FATAL, NED  
BRANT, WIZARD  
WELLS ~ AND  
MANY  
OTHERS

Each  
Month  
in **CRACK**  
COMICS

WHEN YOUR GRAND-DAD,  
WAS JUST A LAD,  
THE BIKES WERE HIGH AND SCARY.  
THERE WERE NO MAKES,  
WITH COASTER BRAKES  
AND FALLING WASN'T MERRY!



BUT DAD'S FIRST BIKE,  
WAS VERY LIKE,  
THE ONES WE RIDE TODAY  
AND HUSKY-CHESTED,  
FANCY-VESTED,  
GENTS CONTRIVED TO



ITS MORROW BRAKE,  
WAS BUILT TO TAKE,  
THE HARDEST KIND OF ROUGHING  
TO SPEED, AND STOP,  
AND CLIMB THE TOP,  
OF HILLS THAT GOT THEM PUFFING



SO SHOW YOUR PA,  
OR UNK OR MA,  
THIS BRAKE ADVICE I'M TELLING—  
YOUR SHOP CAN GET,  
THIS BRAKE, YOU BET,  
ON ANY BIKE THEY'RE SELLING!

**BE SURE YOUR NEW BIKE HAS A  
MORROW COASTER BRAKE**

Famous for 40 years! Quick stopping,  
easy pedaling, long coasting; more ball  
bearings (31) than any other brake. Your  
bicycle dealer can furnish a Morrow  
Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it!



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of Bendis Aviation Corporation, Elms, N.Y.



# FELLOWS, HERE'S YOUR BIKE!



There was a boy in our town  
And he was wondrous wise,  
He bought himself a Schwinn-Built bike  
And showed the other guys!

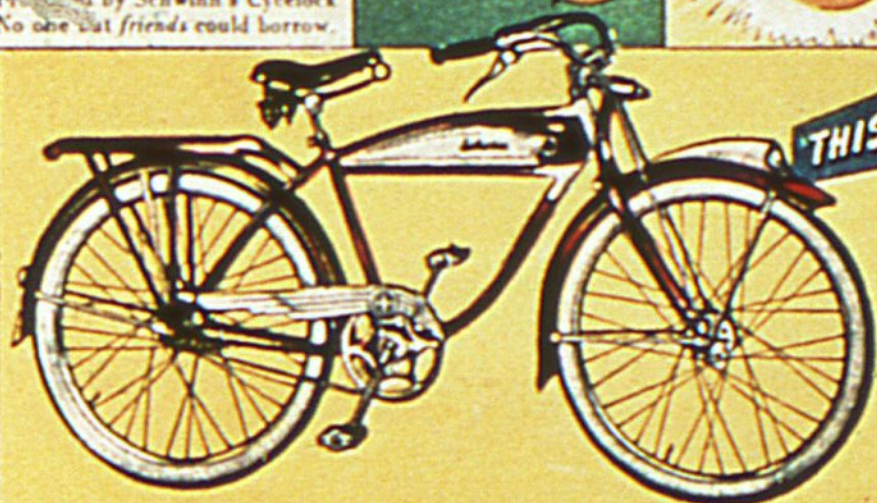
With Schwinn's exclusive Fore-Wheel Brake  
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